

643.e. 14.
9

THE
SONGS,
RECITATIVES, AIRS, DUETS, TRIOS,
AND
CHORUSSES,
INTRODUCED IN THE
PANTOMIME ENTERTAINMENT,
OF THE
ENCHANTED CASTLE,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

THE WORDS BY
MILES PETER ANDREWS, Esq;

AND THE MUSIC BY
MR. SHIELDS.

*"Of Forests and ENCHANTMENTS drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear."*

MILTON's Penferoso.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD AT THE BRITISH
LIBRARY, IN THE STRAND. M,DCC,LXXXVI.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

2010

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1910

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1910

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1910

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1910

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1910

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1910

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

1910



P R E F A C E.

IN this Age of *Theatric change*, when TRAGEDIES have found themselves to be COMEDIES, and COMEDIES have bordered upon PANTOMIME; nothing has changed so little as *Pantomime* itself;—*Harlequin* skips away his Passion;—*Colombine* foots it to the same Tune;—the chosen *Lover* slides across the Stage, melancholy and gentlemanlike;—the *Clown* breaks his Head pleasantly against the Scene, and the *Father* tumbles over him, in the same Way, and fortunately with the same Merriment, he has done any Time these Hundred Years.

These Witticisms are certainly good ones, for they are undoubtedly the oldest, and of the longest standing of any in Christendom.

But one Jest cannot unfortunately live for ever.—In the East Indies, the same Joke lasts only a Twelvemonth, and is terminated by the Arrival of the next Ships.

For this Reason, the Author of the Pantomime, in which the following Songs bear a Part, has attempted to stray from the beaten Road; but it is requested the Audience will not be alarmed—the
Hero

Hero of to Night is not about to be a Man of Sentiment; tho' *Othello* might be such with a black Face, he had not the good, or the ill Fortune, to have a Party-colour'd Jacket, which cuts short all Sentiment at once.

The Novelty attempted to be dramatised To-night, takes its Rise from the Writings of MISS AIKIN, and the HON. HORACE WALPOLE. The *Castle of Otranto*, and the *Fragment of Sir Bertrand*, form the Basis of an Endeavour to bring upon the Stage somewhat of the Effects which may be produced by Midnight Horror, and Agency supernatural. What may be the Result of this Experiment, To-night must determine, for hitherto the Experiment has not been made.

The Ghost of *Hamlet*, and the Witches of *Macbeth* do not militate against this Assertion. Their Appearance, tho' out of Nature, was simple and not combined. The Clank of Chains, the Whistling of hollow Winds, the Clapping of Doors, Gigantic Forms, and visionary Gleams of Light, attended not their Effects upon the Stage. The firm Mind certainly may laugh at all this; but if ever, on a late Winter Evening, at a well-told Story of an Apparition, the Company have found themselves unusually attentive, and sometimes unwittingly look'd back;—if they have felt no Wish to part;—if imperceptibly they have sat more closely together, and heard the Summons to Rest and Separation,—the retiring to a lone Chamber with Reluctance, not
to

to say Disquietude;—if all this has happen'd, then are we right in thinking there is somewhat of Enthusiasm, or Superstition in these Matters, which Reason smiles at, but cannot prevail over.—

If this is a Weakness, the greatest and the best of all Times have felt its Force;—*Henry the Fourth*, the great *Duke of Marlborough*,—and a Family of Rank in this Country, with whom the Author has had the Honor of being intimate, were remarkable Instances of this Truth.

Mix'd up with lighter Things to counteract the Gloom, some Grains of this Species of Composition will form the Potion of the Pantomime in Question; in other Matters the Author humbly hopes he shall not be more dull than his Neighbours have been before him: perhaps quite as nonsensical, and sometimes more absurd.—He trusts, however, the Audience will not be displeased with him, for having substituted a *talkative Attendant* upon *Harlequin* in the room of the usual *Dumb Grimace* of the *Clown*, or having given them the youthful Accomplishments of Miss WILKINSON as a *Colombine* in the Place of a *Figurante*.

VOCAL CHARACTERS.

NECROMANCER.

FIRST MAGICIAN.

SECOND MAGICIAN.

HARLEQUIN.

ZANY

GENIUS OF THE WOOD.

HYMEN.

BACCHANAL.

MAYOR.

FIRST GIANT.

SECOND GIANT.

BALLAD SINGER.

NEPTUNE.

ATTENDANT NYMPHS.

COLOMBINE.

ENCHANTED CASTLE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Two MAGICIANS.

- 1st. **G**OOD morrow, Brother Conjuror, how do you do?
2^d. Pretty well, I thank you, Brother, how do you?
1st. I'm come abroad—
2^d. I see you are.
1st. To take a little ride.
2^d. But first dismount a little bit, fide by fide.
Both. Agreed! Agreed!
2^d. What think you of our mighty Necromancer,
And the young Virgin he keeps in a trance here?
1st. I think he won't succeed.
2^d. Agreed! Agreed!
1st. On India's coast he found the lovely maid,
And to this Magic Isle by charms convey'd.
Each night he wakes her, and his suit renews;
By turns he threatens, and by turns he sues.
She still rejects him—he grows vex'd, and then
Shakes his rough beard, and—pops her to sleep again.
2^d. Zounds,

2*d.* Zounds, why not force her?

1*st.* Aye friend, there's the curse,
His pow'r is limited.

2*d.* So much the worse.
In England, that's the way to save evasion.

1*st.* No force us'd there—

2*d.* Why not?

1*st.* There's no occasion.

He comes, so stand aside:—He and his Dragon
Take as much room as wou'd a broad wheel waggon.

Enter NECROMANCER.

Nec. Brothers of the black design,
Listen to this tale of mine,
Sure as I am Virtue's foe,
Some misfortune threatens now.—
Wafted from some distant land,
A wretched mortal grasps our Strand;
Shipwreck'd on this magic coast,
Friends, possessions, here are lost:
Nothing fav'd of all his pelf,
But his servant and himself.

DUET. MAGICIANS.

Is this all we have to fear?
Sure our master does but jeer!
Why for mortals make such fuss,
They can never injure us!—
What disaster need we fear?

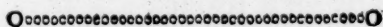
Nec. Great disaster!—Hear me! Hear!—

Climbing

From every ill but one——nay, do not flart,
I mean the Error of the human Heart;—
True to yourself, with joy, the gift you'll wear,
If not, 'twill only bring increafe of care.
Depriv'd of speech, each bleffing you defcry,
Will, in the moment of expectance fly.—
Farewell!—

1st. *Sprite*. Rash intruders, come not near,
Sprites and Spectres harbour here!

2d. *Sprite*. I'm a goblin, mortal's foe,
Murder stalks where'er I go.



SCENE VII.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.* HYMEN.

The spell is broke, the fair you've taught to smile,
With grateful tenderness, rewards your toil ;
Yet, mark me well, what valour now hath won,
May, by immoral conduct, be undone.

AIR. COLOMBINE.

As yet untaught to veil my heart,
My youthful bosom knows no art ;
Ev'n now, it's grateful sense to prove,
When you are nigh,
It heaves a sigh,
Ah, tell me if that sigh is love !

With thee, how sweet the passing hours!
Without thee, all life's morning low'rs:

Each

Each moment then will ling'ring move ;
 When you're not near,
 I drop a tear ;
 Ah, tell me if that tear is love !
 To cheer my friend's sequester'd day,
 With joy I'd tune my native lay ;
 As true, as tender as the dove ;
 Each charming toil,
 Wou'd wake the smile ;
 Ah, tell me if that smile is love !

●○○○○○○○○○○○○○●●○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

SCENE VIII.

AIR. *BACCHANAL, & NYMPHS.*

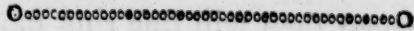
Chosen child of mirth and joy,
Now the raptur'd hour employ;
Beauty, Riches, Music, Wine,
All the sweets of life are thine.

Love attends thee,
Youth befriends thee ;
Seize the moments while you may,
Laugh and quaff, and live to day.—

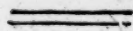
2. Press the fair one, tho' she chide ;
Bashful you—and she'll deride ;
Woman, if her heart be known,
Scorns the fool who fears the frown.

Pleasure woo's thee,
Fame pursues thee,
Snatch the joys the Fates decree,
Then follow, follow, follow me.

SCENE

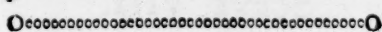


SCENE IX.

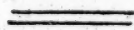


GENIUS of the WOOD. To Harlequin.

See, to what shame (altho' forewarn'd) thou'rt come!
In vain thou striv'st to answer, thou art dumb.
America's the shore thou now art toss'd on,
And yon far distant rising town is Boston;
Thither repair, like a repentant rover,
Amend thy conduct, and thy speech recover.



SCENE X.



AMERICAN BALLAD.

Boston is a yankee town, so is Philadelphia,
You shall have a sugar-dram, and I'll have one myselfy.
Yankee doodle, doodle doo, yankee doodle dandy,
High doodle, doodle doo, yankee doodle dandy.

Our Jemima's lost her mare, and knows not where to find her;

She'll foon come trotting by, I'll fwear, and bring her
tail behind her.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Jenny Locket lost her pocket, Sukey Sweetlips found it,
Devil a thing was in the pocket, but the border round it.

Yankee doodle, &c.

First

First I bought a porridge-pot, then I bought a ladle,
Then my wife was brought to bed, and now I rock the
cradle.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Za. Boston is a filly town, and if I'd my desire,
First I'd knock the Rulers down, and then I'd kick the
Crier.

Yankee doodle, &c.

AIR. COLOMBINE.

A raree-shew!—A raree-shew! here is to be seen,
A girl who would a husband have, altho' she's but sixteen.

O, say, is that so rare a shew?

I say, No!

A miracle!—A miracle!—a lover in the lurch,
Who from a Miss, wou'd force a kifs, before they went
to church.

O, say, is that so much amifs?

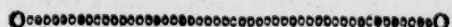
I say, Yes!

A raree-shew!—A raree-shew, myself can best explain,
A female, who, tho' once deceived, still ventures once
again.

O, say, is that so rare a shew?

I say, No!

FINALE



FINALE. *First ACT.*

G I A N T S. *Without.*

Fe, fa, fum !

Zany. Here they come,—here they come !
Both in dudgeon,
Arm'd with bludgeon,
At my master's earnest pray'r,
To protect him from the May'r;
Gog and Magog have slept down,
And they'll crack his Worship's crown,

Giants. What the devil is the matter?
Whence is all this noise and clatter?
Such confusion in our hall,
Sure the devil's in you all !

Zany. State-men !

Mayor. Great men !

Giants. Hold your prate, Men !
Not a law-suit when they try it;
Not the lottery, when they cry it;
Not the Aldermen, when snoring;
Not the common Crier roaring;
Not the Livery, when bawling,
Can exceed this caterwawling.

Mayor.

Mayor. Call forth all our troops,
See my sword-bearer droops;
Mr. Common-Hunt's, but one,
Where's the Common Council gone?

Zany. They are gone to take a nap.
Lack-a-daify, what mishap!

Mayor. Where are all the Train Bands?

Zany. They are all in strange hands!
Lord have mercy, what a flap! [*Struck by Harl.*

Giants. Bring him here, bring him here!
Never fear,—never fear!—
And betwixt us, he shall go, he shall go.

Zany. Oh, ho, ho! Must he so? No, no, No!

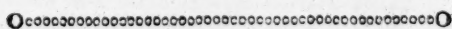
Mob. Hah, hah, hah!—Let him go—let him go.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

AIR. COLOMBINE.

I've often heard it well averr'd,
Nor is the thing uncommon,
A Judge's gown in many a town,
Is worn by some old woman !
But no one yet, presum'd to set
A girl upon the bench ;
Yet here am I, this cause to try,
A fond unthinking wench.
Therefore nothing remains,
But to loosen your chains,
And provide you with softer fetters ;
And a Judge who would be,
Full as partial as me,
Wou'd be welcome to some of our betters.



SCENE II.

SONG. Z A N Y.

Were I oblig'd to be married,
And chanc'd to meet with a belle,
Sure as a clapper she carried,
I'd bang her and found her well.
And should she indulge in a peal,
Or give me a triple bob,
I'd up to her belfry steal,
And muffle her round the nob.

I'd

I'd ring my bell with ropes ends,
 Ding-dong! what a clang! by the Lord!
 If husband and wife would be friends,
 They always should live with ac—cord.

My master now thinks me a ninny,
 But as soon as his passion is cool,
 He'll find out, (I'll hold you a guinea,)
 Which of us two is the fool.

Tho' now 'tis my dovey, my duck,
 My nown-little, dear-little lasfs,
 In a fortnight, my chicken, my chuck,
 Will change to, you oaf! and you afs!

Then, madam, you always are wrong!
 And, Sir, I don't mind you a thread!
 And, Madam, I'll take from your tongue;
 Then, Sir, I will add to your head.

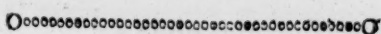
Now come the nurfes a bawling.
 And now come the bantlings in lap;
 A chorus of squealing and squalling,
 For cake and for caudle and pap.

Then Mifs must be humour'd of course,
 And Master's the family heir:
 And Jackey must have a cock-horse,
 And Mifs drive a phæton and pair.

Oh, these are the joys of a Wedding,
 The Pleasures of Husband and Wife,
 Then who, tell me, who'd thrust his head in
 A noose where he struggles for life?

C

SCENE



SCENE III.

NEPTUNE'S TEMPLE.

Nep. What mortals dare invade our realms below,
And drown themselves whether we will or no?

CATCH. *Harlequin, Zany, and Colombine.*

We be three poor mariners,
Just tumbled thro' the sea,
With little of the tar in us,
We're quite sea-sick, all three ;
Our heads do now turn roundy, roundy, round,
Our heads do now turn round;
And you who are a bully-boy, pray save us
On this groundy, groundy, ground.

RECITATIVE. NEPTUNE.

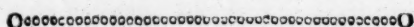
(*Burlesque Music.*)

Two of the three we now will save,
The third must find a wat'ry grave ;
What Harlequin and Colombine ;
To you—not you—we most incline ;
And by our oath,
We'll save you both,
And take you home with us to dine.
What's here to do ?

Zany. I'm hungry too,
Hither against my will I've hobbled,
And so much water down have gobbled,
Wou'd I cou'd mix it with a little wine !

Nep.

Nep. Two guests, (not more) within our grot can dwell.
We live but in a kind of cockle-shell;
Zany. Then leave my master and take me,
Nep. It may not be, it may not be,
We tofs'd up, the best two in three,
And the worst chance has lit on thee.



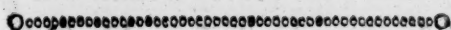
SCENE IV.

SONG. ZANY.

Great Lord Neptune, all so gruff,
Crickeldum he, croakeldum ho !
Swore he had not room enough,
Cockle-shell, old fulkee !
There was I turn'd quite adrift,
'Mongst the crabs to make a shift,
Had not some one lent me a lift,
Tuggle dum, luggle dum dee.

Lord, how all the folks wou'd look !
Giggledum he, goggledum ho
Cou'd they see me stuck to a hook,
Draggle tail thro' the sea !
I'll not venture more I vow,
With the fish to have a row,
Tho' an odd fish you'll allow,
Twiddledum, twiddledum dee !

SCENE



SCENE VIII.

1st. Mag. Dear brother black legs all our schemes are undone,
Hither this Harlequin returns from London.

2d. Dear brother Beetle-brow, if that's the case,
He cou'd not come from a more wicked place;

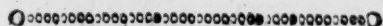
1st. He there has play'd the devil, and I fear
Now he intends to play the devil here.

2d. What, among Conjurers! then his time were
past ill,
Like carrying coals to sell them at Newcastle.

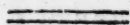
Nec. What means this trifling, when with Giant-Stride,
Destruction threatens us on every side.

T R I O.

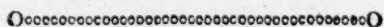
Haste! the Mystic Temple save!
Frighten, or the foe will brave!
Yelling spectres raise to scare him!
Beck'ning phantoms to ensnare him!
Here a shadow, there a ghost!
'Tis too late, that dismal sound
'Bodes confusion round and round!
Horror! horror! all is lost!



SCENE X.



Gen. 'Tis well, the Mystic Temple's raz'd,
Ev'n now the Magic Grove's on fire;
Thy fair companion's fears are eas'd,
And all thy enemies expire.
Chang'd into brutes, sad disastrous band,
Still ask relief from thy victorious hand;
By thee they shall their wonted forms resume,
And thank thy care for each averted doom.



SCENE XI.



CHORUS of ANIMALS.

Thanks to great Harlequin, who does our shapes restore!
Boar. For I shall grunt,
Afs. And I shall bray,
And I shall hoot no more.
Thanks to great Harlequin, our wonderful protector!
Tur. Here am I from turtle, chang'd to Leaden-hall director!
Woodc. And I a lawyer, from among
Those birds, whose bills are rather long:
Afs. And I, a Justice from an afs.
SEMI-CHO.—Such things before have come to pass!
Boar.

Boar. I am a buck, who was a boar!

SEMI-CHO.—We all have seen the like before!

Boar. Soon again shall booted Bobby,
Strut about the play-house Lobby;
Soon again shall lawyer Quirk,
With his worship make some work.

CHORUS *Repeated.*—Thanks to great Harlequin, &c.

Gen. Thy toils are o'er, this lovely maid's thy own,
Protect and prize the jewel thou hast won;
Thee and thy bride I'll now transport,
To where her early years were past;
There, in her father's splendid court,
Thou shalt be shelter'd at the last;
And while the daughter duteous kneels,
Each fault, the parent will forgive;
Will share with both, the joys he feels,
And bid his child's deliverer live,

A I R. H Y M E N.

'Tis your's to possess, if you practice no harm
In the fulness of joy, life's most exquisite charm!
What no wealth can procure, what no pow'r can remove,
That purest of passions, the Virgin's first love.

How sweet in the candour of youth to impart,
The earliest impresson that fixes the heart;
Which fondly betrays, while it strives to reprove
The glance, and the sigh, and the whisper of love.

To

India now no more repining,
Shall with us in commerce joining,
While it's treasures round us float,
Mutual happiness promote.

(To the Audience.)

Beaux so smart, and belles so fine,
All in eastern pomp may shine;
Shawls for the fair,
Di'mond sprigs for the hair,
With a bulse
To repulse,
And shame despair.

CHORUS.—Shawls for the fair, &c.

Here we bring your hearts to soften,
What you do not meet with often;
Rakes atoning for the past,
Marry and grow good at last.

(To the Ladies.)

Ladies, if he gives delight,
Come and see him every night;
Cherish the song
Of the fair and the young,
Give applause
To our cause,
And hither throng.

CHORUS.—Cherish the song, &c.

FINIS.

